

Clark'sburg Register.

"WE STAND UPON THE PRINCIPLES OF IMMUTABLE JUSTICE, AND NO HUMAN POWER SHALL DRIVE US FROM OUR POSITION."—Jackson.

CLARKSBURG, FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 14th, 1856.

EDITOR & PROPRIETOR

WHOLE NO 259.

Published in
Clark'sburg, at
the expiration
of the term of
the Register, after
being charged.
Advertisements
continued except at the op-
erations, until all arrearages are
paid. The number of insertions must be specified, or
the advertisement will be considered as desiring to
be continued.
Advertisements will be inserted at \$1.00 per
square of twelve lines for the first three inser-
tions, and twenty-five cents for each subsequent
insertion.
A liberal deduction on the above rates will be
made to those who advertise by the year.
No advertisement countess less than a square.
The number of insertions must be specified, or
the advertisement will be considered as desiring to
be continued.
Announcements of candidates for office \$2.00.
Marriages and Deaths inserted gratis.
All communications, to insure attention must
be accompanied by the author's name and post-
paid.

The Gamblers Alarmed.
The following narrative—a true one—
describes a scene that actually took place
not many years since, in a country vil-
lage in the State of Maine:

One evening in the month of Decem-
ber, 1834, a number of townsmen had as-
sembled at the store of a Mr. Putnam, to
talk over "matters and things," smoke,
drink, and in short, do anything to "kill
time."

Three hours had thus passed away.—
They had laughed and talked, and drank,
and chatted, and had a "good time gen-
erally," so that about the usual time for
shutting up shop, each of the party felt
particularly "fat-rate."

"Come," said Charles Hatch, one of
the company, "let's liquor, and then
have a game of 'high, low, Jack!'"

"So I say," exclaimed another; "who's
got the cards?"

"Fetch on your cards," drawled out
a third customer, his eyes half closed by
the effect of the liquor he had drunk.
After drinking all round, an old pine
table was drawn up before the fire-place,
where burned brightly a large fire of
hemlock which would snap and crackle—
throwing large live coals upon the hearth.

All drew around the table, seating
themselves on whatever came handiest.
Four of them had rolled up to the table
some kegs, which, from their weight,
were supposed to contain nails.

"Now," said Hatch, "how shall we
play—every one for himself?"

"No, have partners," growled out a
man.

"No, hang'd if I play so," shouted the
former, bringing his fist down upon the
table, knocking one candle out of the
stick, and another upon the floor.

"Come, come," said Hatch, "no quar-
relling; all who say for partners stand
up."

Three arose.

"Now, all who say each for himself,
stand up."

The remaining one immediately got up.

"You see, Barclay," said Hatch, "the
majority are against you. Come, will
you play?"

"Well, as I don't want to be on the
opposite side, I'll play," answered Bar-
clay, somewhat cooled down.

Mr. Putnam was not in the store that
evening, and the clerk, who was busy be-
hind the counter, had taken very little
notice of the proceedings. About half
past ten o'clock, Mr. Putnam thought he
would just step into the store and see that
everything was safe. As he went in he
was waked up toward the fire. When with-
in a few steps of where the men were sit-
ting, he started back in horror. Before
him sat seven men, half-drunken with liquor
and the excitement of playing cards.—
There they were within a few feet of the
fire just described, and four of them seated
on kegs of powder!

Barclay, who was a very heavy man,
had pressed in the head of the keg on
which he sat; bursting the top hoop, and
pressing the powder very gradually
through the chinks. By the continued
motion of their feet, the powder had be-
come spread about the floor and now cov-
ered a space of two feet around them.

Mr. Putnam's first movement was to
get to the door, but recovering himself he
walked up toward the fire. Should either
of them attempt to rise, he thought, and
after a few grins a little further in the
fire place, where lay a quantity of live
als, all would be lost!

At that moment Hatch looked up, and
saw Mr. Putnam, with his face deadly
pale, gazing into the fire, exclaimed:
"Putnam, what ails you?" and at the
same time made a motion to rise.

"Gentlemen, do not rise!" said Mr.
Putnam; "fear of you sit on kegs of pow-
der is scattered all around you—one
might send you all into eter-
nity; there are two buckets of water be-
hind the bar. But keep your seats for
the moment and you are saved—move,
and you are dead men!"

Constant every man was perfectly
motionless. Not a limb moved—each seemed
frozen.

More than we have taken to de-
scribing this scene, Mr. Putnam
sat on the floor, and completely sat-
isfied that an explosion
would not till then.

At the store
themselves
major or

La Maupin.

This extraordinary woman was one of
Lulli's opera troupe. She was equally
fond of both sexes, and fought and loved
like a man (or devil,) and resisted and
fell as a woman. She was married to a
young man, who left her to take an office
to which he had been appointed in Pro-
vence, when she ran away with a fencing
master, of whom she learned to fence.—
They first went to Marseilles, where, as
they had good voices, they were engaged
at the opera. She soon fell in love with
a young woman. The object of her whim-
sical affection was shut up in a convent,
to which Maupin obtained access as a novice,
when she set fire to it, and in the
confusion ran off with her favorite. Mau-
pin was taken and condemned to be burned,
but as the young woman was restored to
her friends, she was pardoned. She
then went to Paris, and made her first ap-
pearance on the opera stage in 1695,
when she performed the part of Pallas in
Cadmus, with the greatest success. The
applause was so violent that she took off
her casque to salute and thank the pub-
lic, when her beauty caused them to re-
double their applause. Her success was
from that time uninterrupted, but her
strangest acting was not on the stage.

Dumeni, the counter-tenor, having af-
fronted her, she put on men's clothes,
watched for him in the Place des Victo-
ries, and insisted on his drawing his sword
and fighting her, which he refusing, she
cane him, and took from him his watch
and snuff box. The next day Dumeni
boasted at the opera-house that he had
defeated himself against three men who
had attempted to rob him, when Maupin
told the story, and produced his watch
and snuff-box as proofs of his cowardice
and the caning. Another person only es-
caped her chastisement by publicly ask-
ing her pardon, after hiding himself at
the Palais Royal for three weeks. At a
ball, by the brother of the King of France
she put on men's clothes, and having be-
haved imperiously to a lady, three of the
friends of the lady, supposing her to be a
man, challenged her out for it, and she
killed them all, when, coolly returning to
the ball, she told what had happened to
the King's brother, who obtained her par-
don. After some further adventures at
Paris, she went to Brussels, and became
the favorite of the Elector of Bavaria,
who, becoming tired of her, sent her a
purse of forty thousand livres by the hus-
band of the woman whom he made his
new favorite, when she threw the purse
at his head, telling him it was a recom-
pense worthy such a scoundrel as him-
self. She then returned to the stage,
which she quitted in 1705. She was at
length seized with a fit of devotion, (?)
recalling her husband, passed the re-
maining of her life with him in a very pious
manner, and died in 1707, aged 34.—*N. Y. Journal World.*

FRANKLIN'S SON.—The inauguration of
the Franklin statue, at Boston, has been
the occasion for reviving incidents con-
nected with the life of the philosopher.—
His only son William, was governor of
New Jersey, the time of the Declara-
tion of Independence, and did what he
could to prevent the legislative Assem-
bly of New Jersey from sanctioning the
proceeding of the General Congress of
Philadelphia. His efforts, however,
did but little to save the tide of popular
sentiment in favor of resistance to tyr-
anny, and soon involved him in difficulty.—
He was deposed of the office by
Whigs to give place to Wm. Liv-
ingston, and sent a prisoner to Connecti-
cut, where he remained about two years
in East Windsor, in the care of Captain
Ebenezer Grant, near where the Theologi-
cal Seminary now stands. In 1778 he was
exchanged and soon after sent to Eng-
land. There he spent the remainder
of his life, receiving a pension from the British
government for the losses he had
sustained by his fidelity. He died in
1813, at the age of 82. The opinion of
the son to the cause the father excited
produced an estrangement between them,
and in Franklin's will, speaking of his
son, he says:—"The part he took
against me in the late war, which is
public notoriety, will account for my leav-
ing him no more of my estate he en-
deavored to deprive me of."—*Philadel-
phia Ledger.*

**WIFE BEATING ACCORDING TO SCRIP-
TURE.**—Recent London papers report a
strange case of the perversion of the Scrip-
tures. The case is thus stated in the
London Illustrated Times:
The Rev. Geo. Bird is preaching at
Whitehaven, and holding forth the doc-
trine that it is perfectly scriptural for a
man to beat his wife. He is said to have
a considerable congregation. One of his
flock was lately taken before the Magis-
trate for ill-using his wife; the woman
said she had no wish her husband should
be punished, if he would promise not to
ill-use her again. When asked by the
magistrate whether he would make the
requisite promise, he refused, saying,
"am I to obey the laws of God, or the
laws of man?" As he would not give
the promise, the magistrate committed
him to prison, with hard labor. The
Rev. Mr. Bird has since delivered lec-
tures on the subject of Scott's conviction.
He contends that it is man's duty to rule
his own household, and that if his wife
refuses to obey his orders, he is justified
according to the law of God, in beating
her in order to enforce obedience.

AMERICAN GENIUS.—Professor Morse
has been invited to the coronation of the
Emperor of Russia, and, it is stated, his
contract with the government, to es-
cort him to St. Petersburg, without the
usual baggage, is without the usual

THE DESPARADO'S LAST LAUGH.
BY CHARLES SUMMERFIELD.
Hero-worship is a great instinct of the
human heart. In all ages and nations,
and with every class of species, it brave-
ly commands the key which opens the
door to the temple of fame, and, with its
fiery hand writes the passport to univer-
sal popularity. Prowess is the master
word of all history, and has the force of
magical incantation to move the mind or
inflame the feelings of the old and young.
It is the envy of the one sex and the ad-
miration of the other. It inspires poetry,
eloquence and art, and forms the life-
breath and being of the political world.

Some of the philosophers endeavor to
degrade this glorious attribute by the
contemptuous epithet of "mere brute
bravery," as if the unreflecting ferocity of
the wild beast could be compared with
the conscious courage of intelligent man.
The lion and tiger, in their most bloody
battles, have at most but a dim percep-
tion of the fatal consequences to result
from their encounters, and therefore their
fury flows from animal impulse, without
fear only because without the sense of in-
dividual peril. But what we admire in
the rational hero is the bravery of a soul
acquainted with all the danger and yet
defiant of death, though marshalled face
to face with that almighty foe; for in this
case the prowess must be in a great de-
gree mental and voluntary rather than
physical—a pure manifestation of the will
far more than the effect of organization.

Nevertheless, there are strange myste-
ries and caprices connected with the sub-
ject, as there are many varieties of hu-
man courage. Some heroes, that can
confront the most awful perils of a particu-
lar character, shrink like the veriest
cowards from others of a different and
less frightful description. The bold
orator, whose unrivaled thunders and
fearless manner literally appalled the
fierce democracy of Athens, fled ignom-
inously from the field of Cheronex; and
the world's highest hero, who rushed
through the horror of fiery hail that
swept the blood-stained bridge of Lodi,
and gazed with a fearless eye on the car-
nage of an hundred battles, yet turned
pale, and trembled before the Council of
the Five Hundred.

Among the desperadoes and duellists
of the South and West, I have never
known one who did not have his "cow-
ardly days"—seasons when he would use
even dishonorable means to avoid the very
personal difficulties which at other
times furnished chief amusement and de-
light. Some men are heroes only when
intoxicated. Others borrow all their bra-
very from passions of love and revenge.
Many fight well in the ranks of an army,
yet fly in terror from an individual foe;
while some display the most reckless dan-
gling in all single combats, but run away
at the first fire of a platoon.

LISTING IMPRESSIONS.

[From Chambers' Edinburgh Journal.]
You may gaze upon an object
Till its likeness you retain,
And through distance and through darkness
You behold that form again:
So I pondered on thy goodness,
Till there grew about my heart
Many a myer dying feelings,
Which make up its better part.

You may listen to a measure,
Till its sentiment and tone
Find a hiding place within you;
And the song becomes your own;
So I trembled at thy sayings,
And now, in my own, I find
The echoes of thy accents,
The reflections of thy mind!

There are perfumes we remember
When their sources are no more;
There are flavors that will linger
When the banqueting is o'er:
So, the charms thy presence yielded
Have outlived thy lionized breath,
And my soul that feasted freely,
Will partake of them till death!

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The most remarkable peculiarity and
inconsistency of desperation may be found
among the Mexican bravos at the Rio
Grande who evince the utmost fear at the
sight of pistols, especially revolvers, but
do not shrink from the most terrible com-
bat with bowie knives; indeed, they never
shrink from the challenge of even an American,
provided they can get the choice of these,
the favorite weapons. As it may natu-
rally be supposed, they become wonder-
fully expert in the use of their deadly im-
plements, and have frequently seen them
stand, without a tremor or token of af-
fright, against each other in pieces, until
one or both of the adversaries sunk dead
or exhausted.

But woe to the unfortunate enemy who
did not possess that marvellous dexterity
with the naked dagger! The first blow,
on mortal Mexican stab, always, in such
cases, terminated the struggle by piercing
the combatant's heart.
Among the most notorious duellists in
this savage species of conflict, Pedro Pa-
lacios, of Brownsville, was altogether pre-
tentious. He boasted, and doubtless with
entire truth, of having slain a score of
numbers in other parts of Mexico. He
followed the profession of a gambler, and
therefore, wandered from the mouth of
the river to Laredo; and in every neigh-
borhood might be seen the green of his
victims, until his name became a terror
to the whole frontier.

It may seem strange to persons unfa-
miliar with the country, that he was not
doomed to legal punishment for his deeds;
but the singularly lax system of easy ex-
ecution, which prevails in the States of
Texas, and the fact that he was a Span-
ish subject, saved him from the gallows.

THE INVENTOR OF PICKLED HERRING.

Some of our most valuable inventions are
of so simple a character that the only
wonder about them seems to be that they
were never found out before. It is said
that the Emperor of Russia has just re-
turned from a visit to the town of Bor-
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in the ceremony of laying the foundation
of a monument to the memory of the fish-
erman Beukels, who first introducing the
plan of preserving herrings by salting and
packing them. Formerly the vast num-
bers of herrings which were captured on
the northern and western shores of the
empire were lost to the world by the rap-
id decomposition of the fish. Beukels
conceived the happy idea of salting them,
and having instructed his neighbors how
to preserve them by this process, went
himself to Finland and taught the Finns
how to deal with the fish. As a reward
for this service he was made a citizen of
the town.

It must not be imagined, however, that
his countless garrets originated at the gam-
ing table, or grew out of the questions
relating to his fairness in dealing cards;
the cause was both more romantic and
revolving. His wife, Juana, one of the
most fascinating women ever born in
Mexico, accompanied him as a partner,
and bewildered the adverse players as
much by her extraordinary beauty as the
husband did by his skill; while on every
occasion, and wherever she went, her
charms inspired the beholders with a sort
of phrensed passion, that, in spite of rea-
son, prudence and peril, brought adventu-
rous lovers to her feet.

But Pedro Palacios was jealous even to
madness, and the slightest attentions to
his bewitching siren aroused his murder-
ous wrath and vengeance; and he never
failed to throw the onus of the challenge
on his enemy, or to provoke the first as-
sault, when one blow of his bowie-knife
usually settled the controversy, and sil-
enced the wrong of his rival forever!
In the month of September, 1852, the
District Court was inaugurated in the
town of Laredo, and a grand fandango
was given on the first night in honor of
the new judge, and to the boundless de-
light of the lawyers in attendance. The
multitude assembled in the public square,
and the full moon, in cloudless splendor,
rendered the air so luminous as to require
no lamps or torches. The entire Mexican
population turned out, besides the mem-
bers of the bar, and all the young officers
of the army from the neighboring fort.

A scene of grater gaiety or animation
could not well be pictured, as the merry
dancers floated like fairies in the moon-
light, and every face seemed radiant with
smiles of love and happiness. But all did
not enjoy themselves thus innocently.—
Near one corner of the old stone church,
which occupied the centre of the square,
gathered a large circle of both sexes
around that altar of Mexican worship—
the monte table.
Juana Palacios was dealer of the cards,
while her husband raked down the money
won, or paid the lost bets. And never did
a stronger contrast present itself than
that which stood revealed in the appear-
ance of the couple just mentioned. He
was a man of herculean mould, with dark,
frowning ferocious features, mostly cov-
ered by coarse masses of black hair and
a long bushy beard; indeed, little of his
visage could be seen, save a pair of sinis-
ter flashing eyes, and a nose resembling
the beak of a hawk. His clothes were
costly, and adorned with glittering jew-
els, while the silver handle of his enor-
mous knife shown conspicuously above
the snowy ruffles of his shirt-bosom.

The wife was a fair, slender woman, of
exquisite shape—every limb and feature
being alike full of grace—with shining
ringlets, black as the raven's hue, a face
beamy and beautiful as a star, and eyes
so large, dark, dreamy and overflowing
with fire, that they seemed every moment
melting with the warmest emotions of un-
utterable love. And this look of tender-
est passion constituted the magic of her
power—the indefinable and resistless
charm which enchaind the gazer's heart,
and fettered every thought to the foot-
stool of the mighty enchantress.

Several officers wearing the uniform of
the United States, and a young attorney,
esteemed the most handsome man in Tex-
as, one Elbert Wallace, approached the
monte table, and uttered simultaneously
exclamations of surprise when they beheld
the lovely vision presiding as dealer at
the game.

"How beautiful!" cried Captain Brew-
ton.

"She is an angel!" added Lieut. Tuck-
er.

The black whiskers of the jealous hus-
band curled with ire, like those of an in-
fernal tiger; and such a terrific gleam
shot from his diabolical dark eyes, that
a dozen of the spectators grew pale with
fright, and several retreated from the cir-
cle in anticipation of an immediate explo-
sion.

But the young lawyer, Elbert Wallace,
who was himself of a most fierce and ir-
ascible disposition, and who felt insulted by
the scornful glances of the gambler, pre-
cipitated the catastrophe by an act of
reckless audacity. Taking two steps for-
ward, he thrust his fingers playfully into
the shower of raven ringlets, and, ad-
dressing the beautiful Juana in tender
tones, he said—

"Pretty one, come, leave that ugly be-
greaser, and go home with me to Brown-
sville. I will make you mistress of a fine
mansion, and that will be better than fol-
lowing such a monkey-like vagabond as
the wretch beside you!"

She smiled, and blushed a look of
nameless fascination; and he was on the
point of urging his request in perhaps
warmer and wilder words when the im-
petuous husband snatched up a handful
of silver from the table, and dashed it in
his face with such fury as to bring blood
both from his lips and nose, crying out at
the same time—

"There, take that as an insult from
the ugly greaser, and fight about it if you
dare!"

Wallace returned the blow, and the
men clinched; but the struggle, though
brief, proved brief, for the attorney
seemed powerless as an infant in the her-
culean hands of Palacios. The foes were
soon separated, yet far from being satis-
fied. The lawyer considered himself for-
ever disgraced by the humiliation of his
defeat, and shouted in accents of thuder:
"Dog of a Mexican! I defy you to
mortal combat. One of us two shall ne-
ver quit this ground alive!"

"Do you challenge me?"

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mous knife shown conspicuously above
the snowy ruffles of his shirt-bosom.

The wife was a fair, slender woman, of
exquisite shape—every limb and feature
being alike full of grace—with shining
ringlets, black as the raven's hue, a face
beamy and beautiful as a star, and eyes
so large, dark, dreamy and overflowing
with fire, that they seemed every moment
melting with the warmest emotions of un-
utterable love. And this look of tender-
est passion constituted the magic of her
power—the indefinable and resistless
charm which enchaind the gazer's heart,
and fettered every thought to the foot-
stool of the mighty enchantress.

Several officers wearing the uniform of
the United States, and a young attorney,
esteemed the most handsome man in Tex-
as, one Elbert Wallace, approached the
monte table, and uttered simultaneously
exclamations of surprise when they beheld
the lovely vision presiding as dealer at
the game.

"How beautiful!" cried Captain Brew-
ton.

"She is an angel!" added Lieut. Tuck-
er.

The black whiskers of the jealous hus-
band curled with ire, like those of an in-
fernal tiger; and such a terrific gleam
shot from his diabolical dark eyes, that
a dozen of the spectators grew pale with
fright, and several retreated from the cir-
cle in anticipation of an immediate explo-
sion.

But the young lawyer, Elbert Wallace,
who was himself of a most fierce and ir-
ascible disposition, and who felt insulted by
the scornful glances of the gambler, pre-
cipitated the catastrophe by an act of
reckless audacity. Taking two steps for-
ward, he thrust his fingers playfully into
the shower of raven ringlets, and, ad-
dressing the beautiful Juana in tender
tones, he said—

"Pretty one, come, leave that ugly be-
greaser, and go home with me to Brown-
sville. I will make you mistress of a fine
mansion, and that will be better than fol-
lowing such a monkey-like vagabond as
the wretch beside you!"

She smiled, and blushed a look of
nameless fascination; and he was on the
point of urging his request in perhaps
warmer and wilder words when the im-
petuous husband snatched up a handful
of silver from the table, and dashed it in
his face with such fury as to bring blood
both from his lips and nose, crying out at
the same time—

"There, take that as an insult from
the ugly greaser, and fight about it if you
dare!"

Wallace returned the blow, and the
men clinched; but the struggle, though
brief, proved brief, for the attorney
seemed powerless as an infant in the her-
culean hands of Palacios. The foes were
soon separated, yet far from being satis-
fied. The lawyer considered himself for-
ever disgraced by the humiliation of his
defeat, and shouted in accents of thuder:
"Dog of a Mexican! I defy you to
mortal combat. One of us two shall ne-
ver quit this ground alive!"

"Do you challenge me?"

A Scene of Horror!—Nearly Three Thousand Lives Lost!

One of the items of news by the Cana-
da, is an awful earthquake in the Moloc-
cas, involving a loss of nearly three thou-
sand lives. A spectator writes to an
English Journal:
"The glowing lava streamed down-
wards with irresistible force in different
directions, bearing with it whatever it en-
countered on its destructive course, and
causing the sea to boil wherever they
came in contact. The hot springs opened
up and cast out a flood of boiling wa-
ter, which destroyed and carried away
what the fire had spared. The sea, obey-
ing to an unusual impulse, lashed the
rocks with frightful violence, dashed up
on the shore and heaved itself with a wild
haste the land as if it strove to overmas-
ter the fire stream.
"This frightful picture of destruction,
the horror of which was increased by the
shrieks of men and beasts, the wild roar-
ing of the tempest, and the crashing of
thousands of trees torn up and carried
away, was followed, about an hour later,
by peals of thunder which shook the
ground and deafened the ears. A black
column of stone and ashes shot up from
the mountain to an immense height and
fell illuminated by the glare of the lava,
like a shower upon the surrounding coun-
try below, producing a darkness that, only
now and then momentarily broken by the
flashes of lightning, was so intense that
people could not discern close at
hand, and which completed their confu-
sion and despair. Large stones were
hurled through the air, crushing whatever
they fell upon. House and crops,
which had not been destroyed by fire,
sunk and disappeared beneath the ashes
and stones; and the hill streams, stopped
by these barriers, formed lakes, which,
breaking over their banks, soon proved a
new source of destruction.
"This lasted some hours. About mid-
night the raging elements sank to rest;
but on the following day, about noon,
they resumed their work of destruction,
with renewed violence. In the meantime
the fall of ashes continued with inter-
mission, and was so thick on this day that
the rays of the sun could not penetrate
through it, and an appalling darkness
prevailed. Scarcely recovered in some
degree from their fright, the inhabitants
of this desolated part of Sangir were again
disturbed by an eruption on the 17th of
March, which destroyed many fields and
a great number of trees on the Tabukan
side. Since then the volcano has re-
mained quiet, the only symptom of its
working has been the smoke rising up
in all directions from cracks and fis-
sures in the ground.
"On the other side of Kandhar, on the
extreme north point of the Island, the ap-
pearance